

IRISH COUNTRY SONGS VOL. I (ED. HUGHES)



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IRISH COUNTRY SONGS

Edited, arranged,

AND FOR THE MOST PART COLLECTED

BY

HERBERT HUGHES.

Price 7/6 net

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295, REGENT STREET.
LONDON, W.1.

BOOSEY, HAWKES, BELWIN, INC.
43-47, WEST 23rd STREET.
NEW YORK CITY

BOOSEY & HAWKES (CANADA) LTD.
10A SHUTER STREET.
TORONTO

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PREFACE TO VOL. I.

SEVERAL thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the *beurla*, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree
And rob a wild bird's nest,
And back I'd bring whatever I do find
To the arms that I love best,
—She said,
To the arms that I love best,

or this:

There's not a gown will go on my back, or a comb will go in my hair,
And neither flame nor candle light shine in my chamber fair;
Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland are between my love and me,

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad-writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been that many very beautiful airs have been set by modern versifiers to words (in English) of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected

in favour of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgment of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rimes for unrimed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the border, or from purely English sources. To-day, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish Ballad that has been familiar in every farm kitchen from Dunluce to Skibbereen for generations.

It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical Plain Song has never had sufficient vogue or

influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could wish. So-called "quarter tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurra or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French School, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in Western Europe, and that even in her decadence she has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk-music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk-music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to ~~the modern tempered scale~~, and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly as they were sung or played, I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system of alleged modes, for I feel that to do so is to pin one down to a period, to a date almost. The accompaniments are intended to represent improvisations rather than a defined and permanent harmonic code; each was written thus as it appealed to me at one particular moment. I should probably have quite a different scheme for each one to-morrow if I were to re-write them.

HERBERT HUGHES.

London, 1909.

NOTE

IN this volume there are only two poems that are translated from the original Gaelic—those entitled “My love, oh she is my love” and “I wish I had the shepherd’s lamb.” I give here part of the original poem of which Dr. Hyde has made a metrical translation in “The Love Songs of Connacht.” There are ten verses altogether, but I have only set five to the tune in this book.

AN SEARC 'SÁ ÓIÚLTUÍAD

Mo ghrád, ón 'rí mo ghrád
An bean íp mó bior 's am' érasd,
Íp annra i ó m' déanam tinn
Ná an bean do m' déanam ríán.

'Si mo rcór, ón 'rí mo rcór,
bean an ríor's uaitne mar an ríor,
bean nac g-cuirpead láim pá m'-ceann
bean nac luíopead liom ari ór.

Mór mo cár, ón móir mo cár
Íp iongrád fad go brágam bár,
bean nac dtiúthraíd taoibh liom
Dári mo mhionn íp i mo ghlád.

'Si mo mhian, ón 'rí mo mhian,
bean íp annra liom faoi 'n ngreim,
an bean nac g-cuirpead oírmhinn
Dá ruidhrínn le na tseáb.

'Si do érásdaig mo ériodé
A'f d'fágáis oíra am' lár
Muna dtógscaí an t-olc ro óm' ériodé
Ni bérí mé go ríán.

Dr. Hyde’s translation is in the metre of the original, only more regular. He gives it also literally as follows, including the verses I have left out:

My love, oh! she is my love, The woman who is most for destroying me; Dearer is she from making me ill Than the woman who would be making me well. She is my treasure, Oh, she is my treasure, The woman of the grey (?) eye (she) like the rose, A woman who would not place a hand beneath my head, A woman who would not be with me for gold. She is my affection, Oh! she is my affection, The woman who left no strength in me; A woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. She is my secret love, Oh! she is my secret love, A woman who tells us (i.e., me) nothing; A woman

who would not breathe a sigh after me, A woman who would not (for me) shed tears. She is my shape, Oh, she is my shape, A woman who does not remember me to be out, A woman who would not cry at the hour of my death, It is she ruined my heart to its middle. Great my case, Oh! great my case, It is a wonder how long it is till I find death. A woman who would not give me trust, By my oath she is my love! She is my choice, Oh! she is my choice, The woman who would not look back at me, The woman who would not make peace with me, And who is ever full of hate. Great my grief, Oh! great my grief, At the great disrespect The woman has (working) for my destroying. 'Tis she spoiled me of my life. She is my desire, Oh! she is my desire; A woman dearest to me under the sun, The woman who would not pay me heed, If I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, And left a sigh for ever in me. Unless this evil be raised off my heart, I shall not be well for ever.

In reference to the phrase "She is my shape," Dr. Hyde gives a note in which he suggests that the word *cnuic*, which he has translated as "shape," may have been intended for *cnoic*, meaning riches or cattle. He goes on to say that an old meaning of *cnuic* is destruction, which would make best sense if it were not too obsolete. The poet may have meant to say "She is my riches." The word generally means "shape," which seems to make no sense here, unless, perhaps, like the Latin "forma" and "formosus," it is used in the sense of beauty.

The other song, "I wish I had the shepherd's lamb," is pretty well known all over Ireland, both in Irish and English. The late George Petrie took down two verses from a peasant in the county of Clare, and Dr. Joyce, whose version I have set to the music, has added one stanza (the second) to those given by Dr. Petrie.

Ar cnuas gan peata'n maoir agum
Ar cnuas gan peata'n maoir agum
Ar cnuas gan peata'n maoir agum
'Sna caoipe beaga bána.

Chorus

Ir o goipim, goipim tó
Ir spáid mo époide gan ceils tó
Ir o goipim, goipim tó
'S tú peata beag do mátar.

Ar cnuas gan maoilin báin agum
Ar cnuas gan maoilin báin agum
Ar cnuas gan maoilin báin agum
Ar fáilte a mo spáid geal.

Ar cnuas gan bólact bainne agum
Ar cnuas gan bólact bainne agum
Ar cnuas gan bólact bainne agum
Ar Cáitín o na mátar.

Dr. Joyce gives the following translation of the chorus:

And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee
And the love of my heart without deceit thou art,
And oh! I hail thee, I hail thee,
And thou art the little pet of thy mother.

TO MY SON
PATRICK CAIRNS HUGHES
I DEDICATE
This Volume of our National Melodies.

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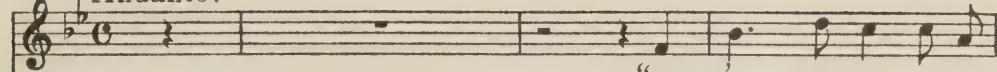
The verdant braes of Skreen.

From an old Ballad.

COUNTY DERRY.

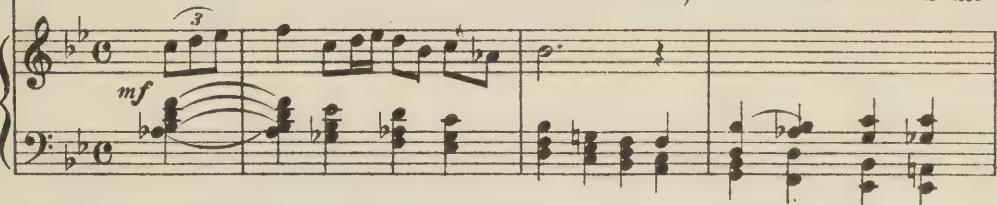
Andante.

VOICE.



"Oh, I'll not sit on the

PIANO.



grass," she said, "Nor be a love of.... thine, For... I

hear you love a..... Con - nact maid, And your heart is no longer

mine," she said, "And your heart is nolon - ger mine."



"Oh I'll not heed what an old man says Whose
 days are well nigh done, And I'll not heed what a
 young man says, For he's fair for many a one," she says, "For he's
 fair for many a one." "Oh

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom two are for the piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are in soprano range. The piano part includes bass and harmonic support. The vocal line features several melodic phrases with grace notes and slurs. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf*, *cresc.*, *dim.*, and *p*. The vocal line concludes with a melodic flourish.

I will climb a..... high, high.... tree And

rob a wild bird's nest, And.... back I'll bring what .

cres.

ever I do find To the arms that I love best," she said, "To the

dim.

arms that.... I..... love best".....

colla voce.

*Reynardine.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

Donegal version.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p non legato.

If by chance you look for me Per-
8.
p

-haps you'll not me find, For I'll be in my

* In the locality where I obtained this fragment Reynardine is known as the name of a faery that changes into the shape of a fox.—Ed.

cas - - - tle, En - - - quire for Rey - - -

ine. Sun and dark I fol - lowed him, His

eyes did bright-ly shine; He took me o'er the

mount - ains, Did my sweet Rey - - - ine.

dim. *rall.* *pp*

dim. e rall.

If by chance you look for me Per - haps you'll not me

8

pp

find, For I'll be in my cas - - tle, En -

- quire for Rey - nard - ine.....

pp

Reed.

*

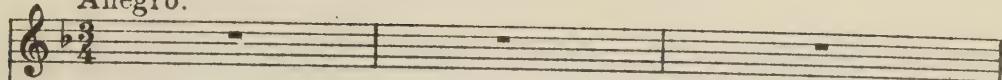
The Weaver's Daughter.

Fragment of Ulster Ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Allegro.

VOICE.



PIANO.



It was on a charm-ing fine summer's wea-ther, When eve-ry

**(galumphing.)*

flow-er brought a pleasant scene, When my love he came with his hat and

fea-ther Un-to the town..... of sweet Nor-een.

It's "Modest Nanney, ob - lige my

fan - cy, And I'll buy you - a bright chain of gold."

I would not spoil my good rep - u - ta - tion For all the

gold you have in store, For they are but heart - less that e'er would

ven ture To fix their minds..... on gold I'm sure 8

pp leggiero.

Slower.

8..... Oh! she is my

p colla voce.

fan - cy, her name is Nan - cy, The wea - vers' daugh - ter of sweet Nor -

een.....

a tempo dim.

pp

When thro' life unblest we rove.

Words by
THOMAS MOORE

OLD AIR.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

When thro' life unblest we rove,

Los - ing all that..... made life dear,

Should some notes we..... used to love.... In.....

days.... of..... boy - - hood meet our ears,

Oh, how wel - come breathes the..... strain,

pp

Wa - king thoughts, that..... long have slept,

Kind - ling for - mer.... smiles a - gain..... In

cres.

fad - ed..... eyes..... that long have wept.

dim.

Music, oh how....

faint, how faint, Language fades be -

fore thy spell, Why should feel - ing....

ever speak When thou canst breathe her soul so well.

allargando.

a tempo.

Friend ship's balm y words may.... feign,

a tempo.

Love's are een more false than they;

Oh! 'tis on ly mu sic's strain..... Can

(pp)

sweet ly..... soothe..... and not be - tray.

colla voce.

mf

Red.

*

The next market day.

Fragment of Tyrone Ballad, adapted.

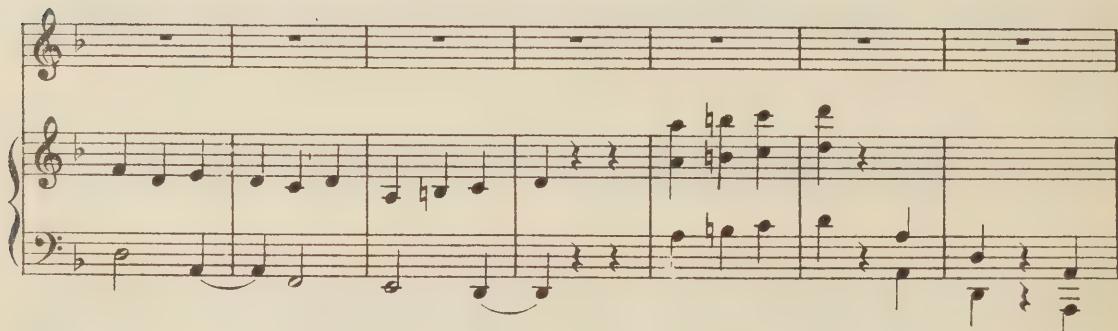
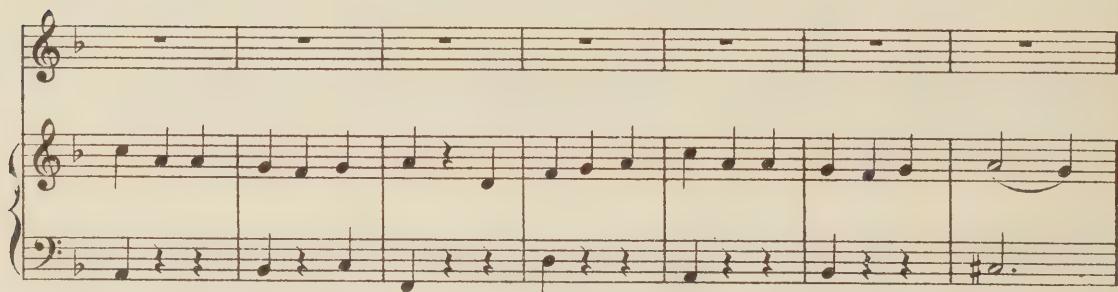
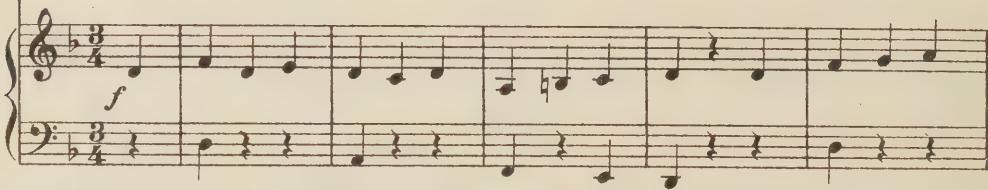
ULSTER MELODY.

Allegro vivace.

VOICE.



PIANO.



A maid goin' to Comber her markets to larn, To sell for her

mf

mammy three hanks o' fine yarn, She met with a young man a - long the high -

way Which caused this young damsel to dal - ly and stray.

Sit ye be - side me, I mean ye no harm,

Sit ye be - side me this new tune to larn, Here is three guin - eas your

mammy to pay,- So lay by your yarn till the next mar - ket day.

pp

They sat down to - ge - ther, the

pp

grass it was green, And the day was the fairest that ever was

seen, Oh, the look in your eyes beats a morn - in' o' May, I could

sit by your side till the next mar - ket day.

This young maid went home and the words that he said And the

air that he played her still rang in her head. She says I'll go

find him by land or by sea Till he learns me that tune called "The

next mar - ket day."

My love, oh, she is my love.

Words by
DOUGLAS HYDE.
(From the Irish.)

SOUTH IRISH.

Andante moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell Which haunts me more than

I can tell, More dear be-cause she makes me ill..... Than

who would will to make me well. She is my store, oh,

she my store, Whose grey eyes wound ed me so sore, Who

will not place in mine her palm, Who will not calm me

a ny more. Too hard my case, too

hard my case, How have I lived so

long a space And she to trust me ne - ver more. Though

I adore her si - lent face Shes my de - sire, oh, my de - sire, More

cresc. f

glo - rious than the bright sun's fire, Who were than wind - blown

ice more cold Were I so bold as to sit by her.....

mf dim.

pp (with mock pathos)

Oh, she . it is hath

pp molto legato.

stole my heart And left a void and ach - ing smart, And

if she soft - en not her eye..... Then life and I..... in

colla voce.

pain must part.....

pp

I know where I'm goin'.

OLD SONG.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

Moderato.

VOICE. *Wistfully.*

PIANO.

I know where I'm

or go-in', she said, And

go-in', And I know who's go-in' with me, I know who I

love But the dear knows* who I'll marry!

I have stockings of silk, Shoes of fine green leather,

* Dear knows: the Ulster equivalent of "Goodness knows!"

Combs to buckle my hair, And a ring for evey ry finger.

Some say he's black,* But I say he's bon ny, The

cresc.

fair est of them all My.... handsome, win some Johnny.

Fea.ther beds are soft, And painted rooms are bon ny, But

f

Fea.ther beds are soft, And painted rooms are bon ny, But

p

*Black: dour, ungracious.

I would leave them all To... go with my love John-ny.

Pensively.

I know where I'm

cresc. *dim.* *p*

or go_in', she said, And

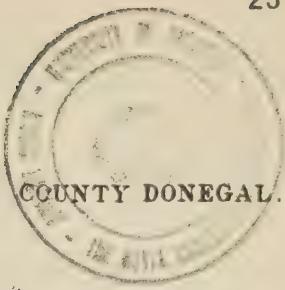
go_in',..... And I know who's go_in' with me, I know who I

colla voce.

love,..... But the dear knows who I'll marry!

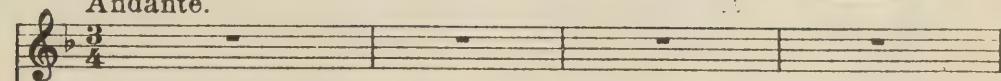
Slow by the shadows.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.



Andante.

VOICE.

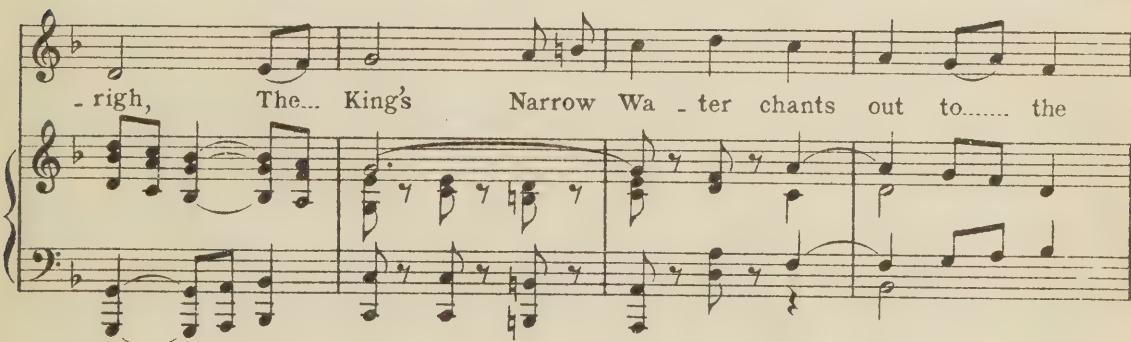


PIANO.

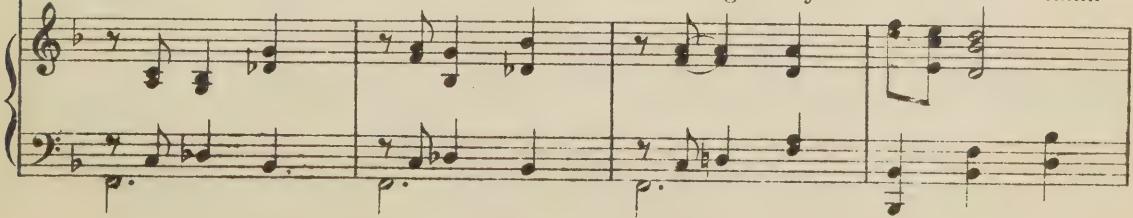


Slow by the.... sha - dows of dark Gleann - a'

legato.



- righ, The... King's Narrow Wa - ter chants out to..... the



sea, And... wreath'd in..... its.... flow - ing My.... love with it....

goes To.... Feen _agh of..... Oak _woods and Dree _nan... of
 Sloes. There hang the... grey hills And
 green woods a - dream, 'Twixt hea - ven's soft.... eye And the
 heart of.... the stream; And hid in their si - lence My...
 love makes her... bower In..... both - y of..... sloe boughs And

wild tan - sy flower. Up where grey

Dree - nan Looks out to the... morn In.... dark - ness lies...

Eith - ne That true "heart of corn:" At.... Feen - agh I.....

wooed her For well nigh a..... year, At.... Feen - agh I.....

won her Low laid on.... the bier. *rall.* *pp*

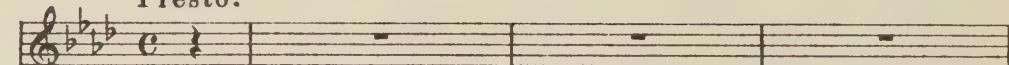
The Little Rose of Gartan.

Words by
SEÓSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Presto.

VOICE.



PIANO.

*con spirito*

As I came o'er the Glash-y head I spied a little

mf

peas-ant maid: She tripp'd the heath as light as.... down T'wards

plea_sant Kil_ma_cren_an town. Her hair was swarth, her... eye was blue And

brighter than the morn-ing dew; Her cheek a bunch of brown-ing sloes, Her

mouth a.... bud_ding bramble rose.

To

see so fair and free a child A - foot up - on the mountain wild, It...

leggiero

was a joy, a ve - ry... joy, And O I... wished my - self a boy. She

was the fai - ry... flow'r and pride Of all that highland Gar - tan side; And

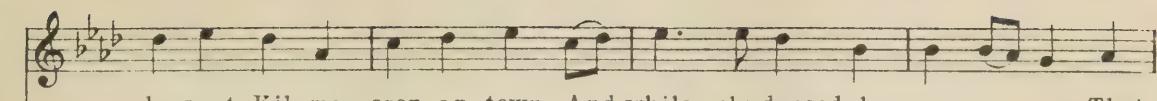
peas - ant po - ets called her... so,-The Lit - tle Rose in... like to blow.

cresc.

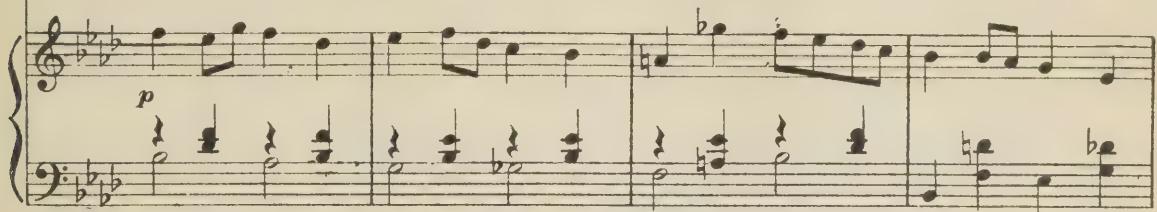
On, on she danced as.... light as down T'wards

dim.

mf



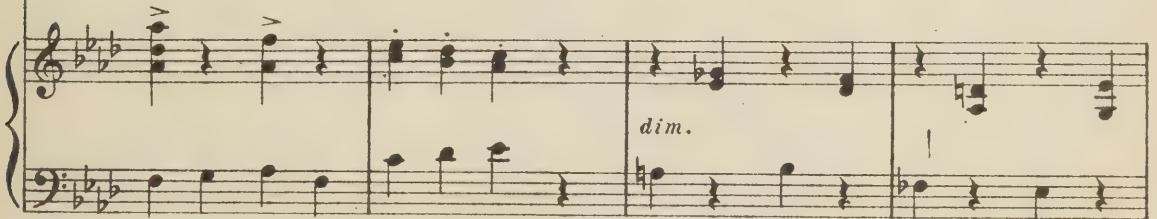
pleasant Kil-ma-cren-an town, And while she danced she sang a.... song That



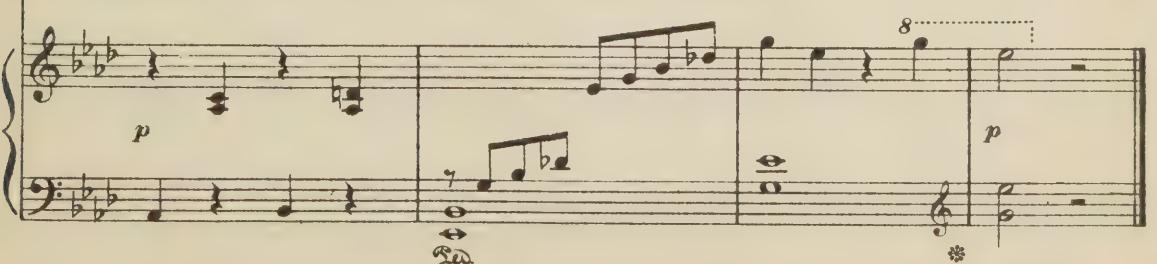
lin - gered in my mem -'ry long. I mind it yet tho' nine good year It



is since I was fish-ing there, And spied that lit - tle peas - ant maid A -



... bove the bab - bling Glash - y head.....



A Ballynure Ballad.

Fragment of an old Ballad.

COUNTY ANTRIM.

Allegro giojoso. (M M $\text{♩} = 138.$)

VOICE.

PIANO.

(*In strict time throughout.*)

As I was goin' to Ballynure, the day I
 well..... re_mem_ber,... For to view the lads and lass - es on.... the

fifth day of No-vem-ber, With a ma- ring - doo - a-day, With a ma-

ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy oh..... As

I was go-in' a-long the road when homeward I..... was walk-ing,.... I

p

heard a wee lad be-hind a ditch a - To his wee lass wast talk-ing, With a ma-

ring - doo - a - day, With a ma - ring - a - doo - a - dad - dy, oh! 3
 Said the wee lad to the wee lass "It's will ye
 let..... me kiss ye..... For it's I have got the cor - dial eye.... that
 far exceeds the whis - key," With a ma - ring - doo - a - day, With a ma -
3 3

ben marcato

ring - a-doo - a-dad - dy, oh!.....

This

cor-dial that ye talk a-bout there'sve - ry few.... o' them gets it,... For there's

p

no - thin' now but crook - ed combs and musilin gowns can catch it. With a ma-

ring - doo - a-day, With a mar-ing - a-doo - a-dad - dy oh!.....

p

pp

As I was go-in' a-long the road as home-ward

f pp

I..... was walk-in', I.... heard a wee lad be-hind a ditch-a To

his wee lass was talk in' With a m-a-ring-doo-a-day, With a m-a-

-ring-a-doo-a-dad-dy oh!

pp

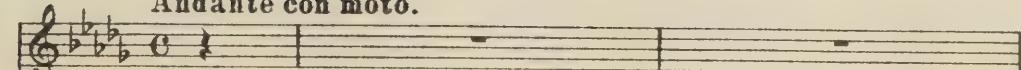
Down by the Sally Gardens.

Words by
W. B. YEATS.

Air: "The Maids of Mourne Shore."

Andante con moto.

VOICE.



PIANO.



Down by the... Sal - ly....

gar - dens My... love and.. I did meet, She.....

passed the... Sal - ly gar - dens With lit - tle snow-white



feet. She bid me... take love ea - - - sy, As the

leaves grow on.... the tree, But..... I be-ing young and

fool - ish With her did... not a - gree.

In a field..... by the....

riv - - - er My.... love and.... I did

stand. And..... on my.... leaning shoul - der . She

placed her... snow - white hand; She bid me... take life

ea - sy, As the grass grows on..... the... weirs, But

I was young and.... fool - ish And now am,... full of

tears.

The Bonny Wee Mare.

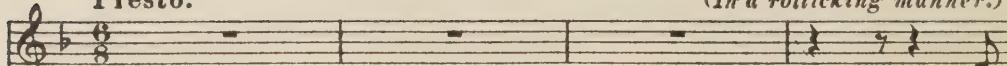
(A ballad of a horse-race.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Presto.

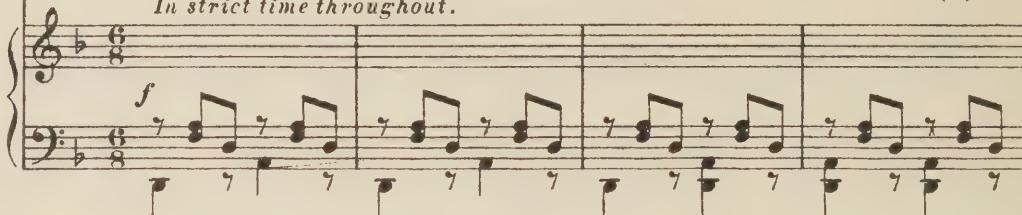
(In a rollicking manner.)

VOICE.



In strict time throughout.

PIANO.



(1.) It

bein' on the eighth of Oc . to - ber last, When ra ces was o ver and

(2.) this wee boy.... got on its back They filled to him.... a

mar - kets past, I'd a bon - ny wee mare, a nice race mare,

glass of sack, Say-ing "Come, my boy,... don't let her go off,

A bon - ny wee din wi' two split ears, Wi' my

But hold her in with a live - ly swing, Wi' my

tid_dy ri tid_dy ri fa la la la fi tid_dy_i - dee.....
 tid_dy ri tid_dy ri fa lá la la fi tid_dy_i - dee"

(2.) When
 (3.) The first three miles that
 (4.) "How can that be?... the

we rode on My bon_ny wee din.... she lie be - hind, Which
 wee boy cries, "That my.... wee mare would win no prize. Here's

makes those sportsmen shout and say: "Here's.....
 fif - ty pound my un - elegave me, I'll.....

12

fif - ty pounds on the live - ly bay, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri
hold it on..... ye, pur - ty Bes - sie, Wi' my tid - dy ri tid - dy ri

12

fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee.....
fa la la la fi tid - dy - i - dee"

12

(5.) The next three miles that we rode on, My

12

bonny wee din... she lie be - hind, Which makes her mas - ter smile and say

My..... bon_ny wee din you will

win the day, Wi my tid_dy ri tid_dy ri fa la la la fi tid_dy i -

dee." (6.) But the

ve_ry last mile... we rode that day My bon_ny wee din She

raced a-way And left the lively bay be-hind, Which.....

..... caused those sportsmen to change their mind, Wi' my tid-dy ri tid-dy ri

fa la la la fi tid-dy-i - dee.

(7.) It's now this wee din has won the race, She'll stay no lon - ger

in this place, She has won as much money this ve - ry day As.....

'll help her master to clear the way, Wi' my tiddy ri tiddy ri

fa la la la fi diddy-i - dee.

senza rall.

She moved thro' the fair.

PÁDRAIC COLUM.

Adapted from an old ballad.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante con moto.

VOICE.



PIANO.



My..... young lovesaid to me..... "My mother wont mind And my fa ther....



..... wont slight you for your lack of kind",..... And she



stepp'd..... a way from me and this she did say, "It.....



will not be long, love,..... till.. our wed ding day."

p

She..... stepp'd a-way from me..... and she went thro' the

fair, And fond-ly..... I watch'd her move here and move

cresc.

there,..... And then she..... went home-ward with one star a .

ff

ss

ss

wake, As the... swan in the eve-ning..... moves o-ver the

dim.

lake..... Last.... night she came to me....

she came soft - ly in,..... So.... soft - ly..... she

came that her feet made no din,..... And she laid her..... hand

on me and this she did say..... "It..... will not be long, love,.....

till our wed - ding day.".....

You couldn't stop a lover.

(A FRAGMENT.)

COUNTY DONEGAL.

PIANO.

You might well cause an eagle to come down from his nest, But you

couldn't stop a lov-er for hell come...night and day, He'll come night and day, and he'll

come night and day, Oh you couldn't stop a lov-er for he'll come.. back a.. gain.....

An Island Spinning Song.

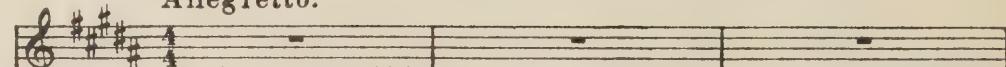
PÁDRAIC COLUM

Adapted from an old ballad.

INNISMURRY.

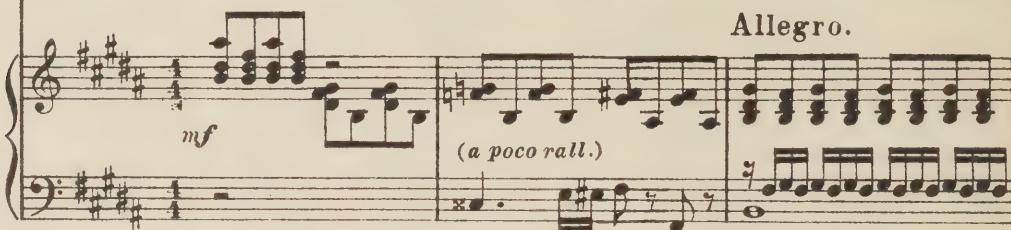
Allegretto.

VOICE.



Allegro.

PIANO.



One came before her and

said, be - seech - ing, "I have for - tune and

I have lands, And if you will share in the

goods of my house - hold... All my.....

tre - sure's at your com - mand"

But

she said.... to him "The goods you... prof - fer Are

p

cresc.

far from my mind as the silk of the sea, The

cresc.

arms of him, my young love,.... round me is
 8

all the..... trea - sure is true for
 me."

dim.

"Proud you.... are then, proud of your beau - ty, But

beau - ty's a flow'r will soon de - cay; The

fair - est flow'r's on - ly bloom in..... sum - mer, They

bloom one..... sum - mer and fade a -
dim e poco rall.

- way?"
p a tempo.

p
My heart is sad for the lit - tle flow'r That

must soon wi - ther where it grew,

He

molto cresc.

..... who has my heart in..... keep - ing I

would he..... had my.... bo - - dy

too.

rall en - tan - do - e -

dim - in - u - en - do.

pp

The Fanaid Grove.

Old Ballad
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante espressivo.

VOICE.



PIANO.



'Twas on a winter's ev' - - ning... When

first came down the snow, O'er hills and lof - ty

mount - ains... The storm - y winds did blow; A

dam - sel she came trip - ping down All in a drift of

snow, With a ba - by in her snow - white arms She

animando.

knew not..where to go. Hard heart - ed was my

fa - - ther..that shut the...door on me, And

more so was my mo - - ther For plain - ly she did

see That dark and storm - y was the night, It

pierced my heart with cold. And cru - el was that

false young man... That sold his.... love for gold.

p Un -

- to a qui - et grove she went And there did... she kneel down,

pp

Turn - ing her eyes to hea - ven,.. In sor - row she made

moan, She kissed her ba - by's cold, cold lips.. And laid it by her

side, And in that si - lent Fa - naid grove in lone - ly...grief she

died.

B for Barney

59

(A FRAGMENT)

Belfast Street Song

COUNTY ANTRIM

Allegro

VOICE

PIANO

The Lover's Curse.

Old Ballad.
Adapted by the Editor.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante maestoso.

VOICE.

PIANO.

This one and that one will court him,..... But if

e'er he gets a ny but..... me..... Both.....

dai - ly and... hour - ly I'll curse them..... That

stole love - ly..... Ja - mie from me.....

dim.

poco animando.

Far in the.....

mp (legato)

land of the - stran - ger,..... Six... hun - dred long

cres.

miles o'er the..... sea,..... To.....

molto cresc.

ff

fight in the... low - lands of Hol - land.....

ff

They stole love - - ly..... Ja - mie from.....

dim: e rall.

me.....

mf

pp sostenuto.

Sad - ness and.....

pp

weep - ing are on me..... For the lad that is

o - ver the..... sea,..... But,... dai - ly and

hour - ly I'll curse them..... That stole love - ly.....

Ja - mie from me.....

I wish I had the shepherd's lamb.

Words by permission from
Joyce's "Irish Music & Song."
(Translated by P. W. Joyce.)

The Glens of Antrim.

VOICE.

PIANO.

In reel time. (Vivace.)

I..... wish I had the shepherd's lamb, the
p *ben marcato.*

shepherd's lamb, the shepherd's lamb, I wish I had the shepherd's lamb and

Ka - tey com - ing af - ter. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss

gra - ma - chree gon kel - lig hoo. Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto

pah - ta bég do wau - her. I.....

wish I had the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, the yel - low cow, I

wish I had the yel - low cow, And wel - come from my dar. - ling. Iss

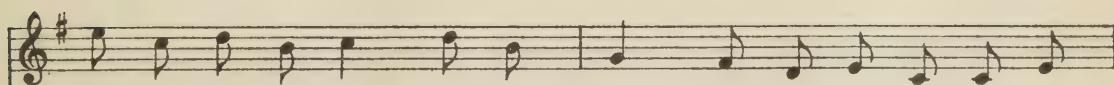
o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss gra - ma - chreegon kel - lig hoo, Iss

o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto pah - ta beg do wau - her.

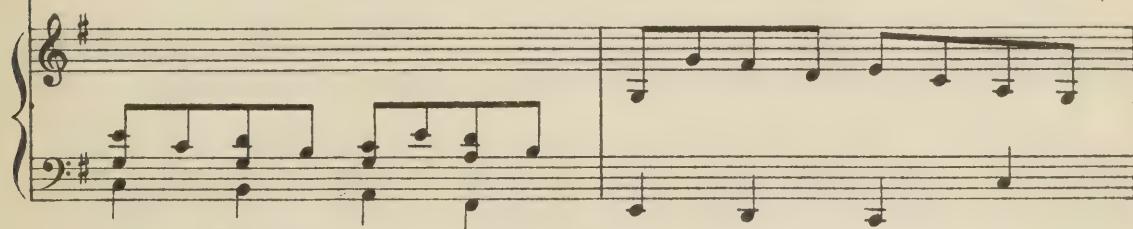
I..... wish I had a herd of kine, a



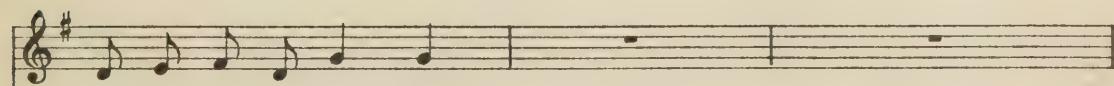
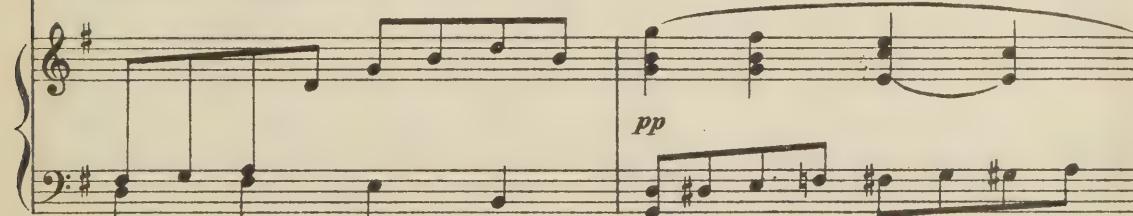
herd of kine, a herd of kine, I wish I had a herd of kine And



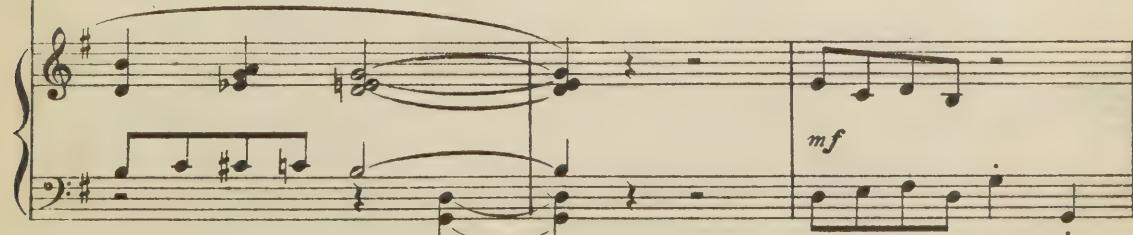
Ka - tey from her fa - ther! Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Iss



gra - ma - chreegon kel - lig hoo, Iss o gur - rim, gur - rim hoo, Sto



pah - ta beg do wau - her.



Must I go bound?

Fragment of an old Song.

COUNTY DERRY.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Must I go bound and

you go free? Must I love the lass that wouldn't love me? Was

eer I taught so poor a wif As to love the lass would

break my heart? I..... put my fin - ger to the bush To

A musical score for 'The Fairiest Rose' featuring three staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the alto voice, and the bottom staff for the bassoon. The soprano and alto sing in unison for the first line of the lyrics. The bassoon provides harmonic support with sustained notes and rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are: 'pluck the fair- est rose, I pricked my fin- ger'.

A musical score for 'The Rose' featuring two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics 'to the bone, But ah! I.... left the rose be - hind. So must' are written above the top staff. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with a prominent bass line in the bottom staff.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The vocal parts are in G clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The piano part is in F clef, B-flat key signature, and common time. The vocal line begins with a melodic line: "I go bound and you go free? Must I love the lass that". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The dynamic for the piano part is marked as pp (pianissimo). The vocal line continues with "I go bound and you go free? Must I love the lass that".

A musical score for 'The Young Shepherdess' in G minor. The top staff is a soprano line with lyrics: 'wouldn't love me? Was e'er I..... taught so poor a wit As to'. The middle staff is a bass line with sustained notes. The bottom staff is a bass line with sustained notes.

A musical score for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef, the middle part in bass clef, and the bottom part in bass clef. The music is in common time with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics 'love the lass would break my heart?' are written in the top part. The score includes various musical markings such as grace notes, slurs, and dynamic changes.

I know my love.

* Old Song.

WEST IRISH.

Allegretto.

(To be sung without pauses.)

VOICE. PIANO.

I know my
love by his way o' walk-in, And I know my love by his way o'
talk-in, And I know my love drest in a suit o' blue, And if my love leaves me what will I do o-o?

Copyright 1909 by Boosey & Co.

* In Galway and Clare this song was sometimes sung in alternate verses of Irish and English, but I have been unable to obtain the Irish words. The version here given forms part of the song as it is known in Limerick.—Ed.

best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she

cried "bonny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do o o?..... There is a

dance house in Ma - ra dyke,..... And there my true love goes ev' ry

night,..... He takes a strange one up - on his knee, And don't you

think now that vex - es me - e?" And still she cried "I love him the
 best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she
 cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I
 do - o - o?..... If my love
 knew I could wash and wring,..... If my love knew I could weave and

spin,..... Id make a coat all of the fi - nest kind, But the want of

mo - ney, sure, laves me be - hind"..... And still she cried "I love him the

best, And a troubled mind, sure, can know no rest"..... And still she

cried "bon - ny boys are few, And if my love laves me what will I

do - o - o?".....

The Gartan Mother's Lullaby.

Words by
SEOSAMH MacCATHMHAOIL.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Sleep, O babe, for the
legato.

red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's fall. Ee - val from the

Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in thrall..... A lyan van o, my

child, my joy, My love and heart's de - sire..... The

crik - ets sing you lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire

Dusk is drawn, and the

pp

ped.

Green Man's thorn Is wreathed in rings of fog; Shee - vra sails his

boat till morn Up - on the star - ry bog..... *A lyan van o*, the

cres.

pa - ly moon Hath brimmd her cusp in dew..... And

dim.

weeps to hear the sad sleep tune I sing, O love to

you.....

p

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi - light's

pp

fall. Ee - val from the Grey Rock comes To wrap the world in

thrall..... A lyan van o, my child, my joy, My

love and heart's de - sire,..... The crick - ets sing you

lul - la - by Be - side the dy - ing fire.

pp

(2)

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IRISH COUNTRY SONGS.

VOL. II.

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PREFACE TO VOL. II.

IN this volume all the tunes are traditional, with the possible exception of "The Cork Leg," and the words of most are to be found on broadsheets. Nevertheless, I feel some explanation of the contents is necessary.

It is not pretended that the ballads or the tunes are now published for the first time. At least half of them, in one form or another, have appeared before, if not actually in the version given here; but the greater number will be new to those living outside the comparatively small circle of people who know much of Irish folk music. It may be that the lovely tunes of "Norah O'Neale," "The Light of the Moon," and "Cruckhaun Finn," are new even to that charmed circle. For each of those three tunes, as well as "A good roarin' fire," and the superb version of "The Lowlands of Holland," I am indebted to my old nurse, Ellen Boylan, who has lived in my father's house for thirty-five years; from her, also, I learned "The Next Market Day," "I know where I'm going," "A Ballynure Ballad," and "Must I go bound?" which appeared in the first volume.

As far as possible the words of the ballads are given here precisely as they were recorded. Where I have made any slight adaptation I have done so for reasons set forth in the preface to the first volume, which reasons are surely justified in a book of this kind.

It requires the eloquence of no professional essayist to point out the deep human feeling, the simple pathos, the wise humour of some of these ballads, for their wonderful qualities are self-evident. Most ballads are human (if not historical) documents, and the story told so straightforwardly in "Skibbereen," for example, certainly falls into that category. Curiously enough in outline and in one or two details it resembles an actual incident recorded by a friend of mine in Kerry less than forty years ago, though there could be no connection between the two stories. Of the fragment "Da Luain, da mairt" there is a legend to the effect that once upon a time a poor old hunchback overheard the faeries singing inside a rath in some lonely part of Ireland. The phrase he heard was simply that of "Da Luain, da mairt; da Luain, da mairt" repeated many times. Being something of an artist after the manner of Hans Sachs, and dissatisfied with the incompleteness of the melody, he added—very softly to himself—"agus da Caideen" in the form I have given here. The faeries, being quick of hearing and naturally good musical critics, were delighted and promptly removed his hump. There are variants of this tale to be read in old books, and I have a dim recollection of an ancient Beckmesser who so distorted the phrasing of the little song that he received one or two humps as punishment for his jealousy of our Hans Sachs.

"The Bonny Bunch of Roses" is a curious relic of the allegorical style of ballad. The version printed here comes from Dungannon in the County of Tyrone—a difficult song to sing, but very characteristic; it is best sung without any break in rhythm. England, of course, is the "Bonny Bunch of Roses," and the ballad itself is of English origin.

HERBERT HUGHES.

Chelsea, February, 1915.

PREFACE TO VOL. I.

SEVERAL thousand traditional tunes have been recorded in Ireland and published to the world. They are to be found on the shelves of antiquaries, in elusive books long out of print, or circulating in modern form among scholars, expert folklorists, and a small crowd of musical amateurs. Of these tunes comparatively few are familiar to civilized musicians out of Ireland. The greater number are dance tunes, many of which are but variants of one another and, of course, utterly unvocal; broadly speaking, apart from the association of the dance itself, they are quite unimportant as music. Of the melodies not connected with the dance, however, many of those already published are of the rarest beauty and distinction, with more variety of mood than can be found in any other folk-music in Europe. Unfortunately in Ireland, where an alien language has been thrust upon the people, under severe penalty at all times, the original Gaelic words that were sung to these melodies are, in the majority of cases, lost and forgotten. Even in the *beurla*, however, the old Gaelic idiom penetrated through the verse of the ballad writers, and here and there one may come across a song that has a few lines of a quaint, remote beauty not found in those that have been written under a more immediate foreign influence. In such a verse as this:

O, I would climb a high, high tree
And rob a wild bird's nest,
And back I'd bring whatever I do find
To the arms that I love best,
—She said,
To the arms that I love best,

or this:

There's not a gown will go on my back, or a comb will go in my hair,
And neither flame nor candle light shine in my chamber fair;
Nor will I wed with any young man until the day I die,
Since the lowlands of Holland are between my love and me,

one comes in touch with the Gaelic imagination expressing itself strongly, although in a foreign tongue.

But it is in Irish that the poems of real value were wedded to music, for in writing in Irish the ballad-writers were using a language that had served literature for centuries before England had escaped from the barbarism of the Middle Ages; and it is a thousand pities that Petrie, whose complete collection of Irish music was published a few years ago, was not able to obtain the words to which, even in his time, many of his melodies must have been sung. One unfortunate result has been that many very beautiful airs have been set by modern versifiers to words (in English) of appalling banality. Indeed, I know instances where good ballads have been rejected

in favour of some polite sentiment about willow trees and weeping maidens; and, what is infinitely worse, instances of songs being "improved" without due acknowledgment of their traditional anonymity.

Except where otherwise stated, all the songs in this volume may be considered traditional. As far as I could I have avoided editing these rather fragmentary ballads; they are, I think, far better in their crude, unpolished state than they would be were I to have set myself the task of finding rimes for unrimed verses, or of rendering some impudent thought into reputable language. Occasionally, however, I have thought it necessary to omit some verses of a song altogether, and this because the song had been of undue length and several of the verses superfluous. In "The Fanad Grove," for instance, I pieced two incomplete verses together and supplied a missing line of another, and the simple story is told in three verses instead of the original five or six. This is not a volume for antiquaries and other experts; but to all whom it may concern I offer this explanation of what I mean by adapting or editing.

There are so many tunes, and variants of tunes, to be found in collections of Irish music, that I have not thought it worth while to compare those in this book for the purpose of identification and possible relationship. They may stand as they are quite well, I think, without further credentials; and I might add that while all of these melodies have been gathered in Ireland, I do not claim that they, or their "traditional" words, are of necessity indigenous to Ireland. Some have very doubtful ancestry, and may have emanated from Scotland, or from the border, or from purely English sources. To-day, however, they have so far entered into the consciousness of the people who sing them, that I am content to let them pass as Irish. It has been the most notable achievement of the Irish nation that it has, consistently throughout ten centuries, imposed the quality of its mind upon everything that has tried to usurp its life and "educate" its feeling; and it takes a comparatively short space of time for an imported song to receive the impress of local idiom and characteristic so strongly as to deceive the unwary collector into believing he has alighted on some native and unfamiliar melody. The constant migration between England and Scotland and Ireland during the harvesting season accounts in a very large measure for the continuous importation and exportation of country ballads. In the West Country, for example, many Irish songs have taken root, and only recently "Brennan on the Moor" was published in an English collection—an Irish Ballad that has been familiar in every farm kitchen from Dunluce to Skibbereen for generations.

It is the fashion among many expert musicians in England to label certain folk tunes as belonging to established Greek modes, such as the Dorian, for example, or the Phrygian; and a tune's right to be considered of some antiquity is thereby decided. It may be the case that the Sussex peasant sings his bacchanalian ballads to some formulated ecclesiastical system of musical scales, but it has never been proved (although frequently insinuated) that these modes were ever sung by the peasantry in Ireland; and ecclesiastical Plain Song has never had sufficient vogue or

influence to affect the daily life of the people so much that they would, even unconsciously, imitate the manner of church chants in their secular music. On the contrary, it has recently been demonstrated that the Irish possessed, and still employ, a series of scales or modes that are only quite distantly related to the Greek modes, and with a much greater variety of intervals. The obvious comment of the academy-nurtured musician is that they are "only singing out of tune," but experience has proved that they have a scale system as delicately and elaborately constructed as the most fastidious modern artist could wish. So-called "quarter tones" are deliberately sung by the unlearned and despised peasant; and if any incredulous person thinks I am exaggerating let him go to Innismurry or the Aran Islands or Connemara or Donegal and if he can persuade a native to sing (generally a most difficult business) he can judge for himself; or as a further alternative let him compare the ease with which the natives of China sing intervals that are unknown (as yet) to the Queen's Hall.

Musical art is gradually releasing itself from the tyranny of the tempered scale. If composers find its restrictions too exacting—well and good; the manipulation of an untempered scale will be found possible as a matter of course. There is no reason why an arbitrarily fixed scale should stand in the way of the musical revolutionary. That it is merely arbitrary history shows clearly enough, and if we examine the work of the modern French School, notably that of M. Claude Debussy, it will be seen that the tendency is to break the bonds of this old slave-driver and return to the freedom of primitive scales.

Musical scholars, as well as political experts, are apt to forget that the history of Ireland is not the history of England. They forget that over a thousand years ago Ireland was the most highly educated country in Western Europe, and that even in her decadence she has retained some of this old knowledge and culture; and, as a consequence, her contemporary literature and folk-music still have qualities that are peculiar to her, and do not quickly respond to the influence of antipathetic forces. In recording her folk-music one is always meeting with this independence—I would almost say, isolation. Over and over again I have found it impossible to write down a tune that has been sung or played to me, for the simple reason that our modern notation does not allow for intervals less than a semitone.

This volume, therefore, includes merely those melodies that approximate to our modern tempered scale, and, in the case of those I have collected myself, exactly as they were sung or played, I have written accompaniments for them, but I have avoided identifying the harmonic treatment with any formal system of alleged modes, for I feel that to do so is to pin one down to a period, to a date almost. The accompaniments are intended to represent improvisations rather than a defined and permanent harmonic code; each was written thus as it appealed to me at one particular moment. I should probably have quite a different scheme for each one to-morrow if I were to re-write them.

HERBERT HUGHES.

London, 1909.

The Bard of Armagh.

Traditional.

COUNTY TYRONE.

Largo ma non troppo. M.M. $\text{♩} = 52$.

VOICE.

PIANO.

O..... list to the strains of a

poor I - rish har - per, And scorn not the

strings from his poor with - er'd hand, Re - mem - ber his

fin - gers could once move more sharp - er To raise up the

mem'ry.... of his dear na - tive land.

Più mosso *cresc.*

(♩ = 120.) *alzando*

"At fair or at

f

wake I could twist my shil - le - lagh, Or trip...thro' the

accelerando

jig with my brogues bound with straw, And... all... the pret-ty

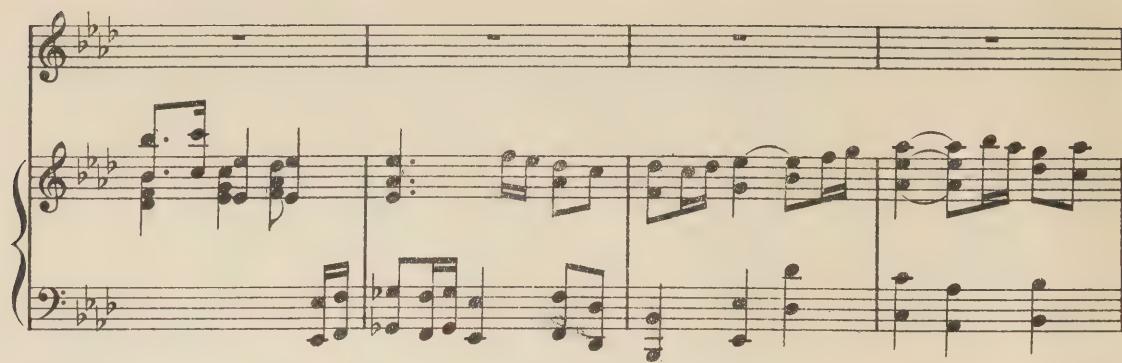
maids..... in the vil - lage and val - ley Lov'd their bold Phe - lim

Allegro. (♩ = 138.)

Bra - dy,..... the Bard of Ar - magh."

allargando

ff



poco allargando e maestoso

ff

Andante.

Tempo I^o

"And when Sergeant Death in..... his cold arms shall em -

pp

-brace me, Lo' lull..... me to sleep with sweet "Er - in - go -

-bragh;" By the side..... of... my Kath-leen, my... young wife, oh...

place... me, Then for - get Phe-lim Bra - dy,----- the Bard of Ar -

- magh."-----

ppp

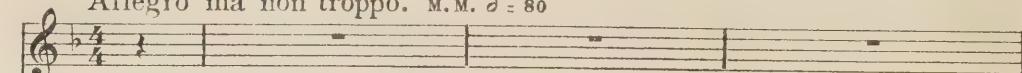
Dobbin's Flowery Vale.

Traditional.

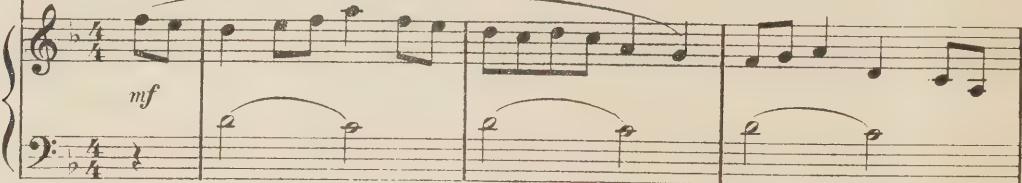
COUNTY ARMAGH.

Allegro ma non troppo. M.M. $\text{d} = 80$

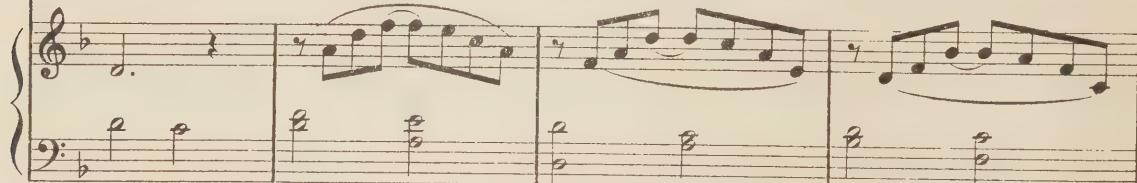
VOICE.



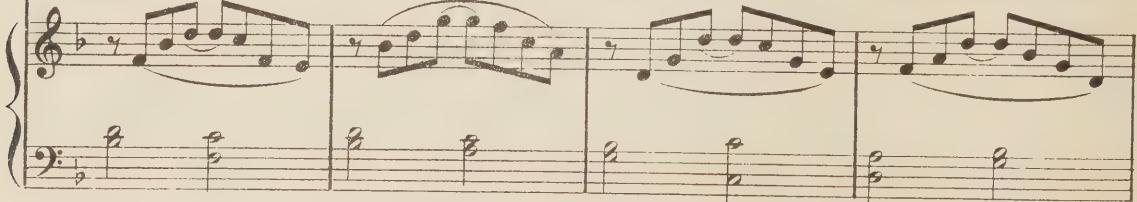
PIANO.



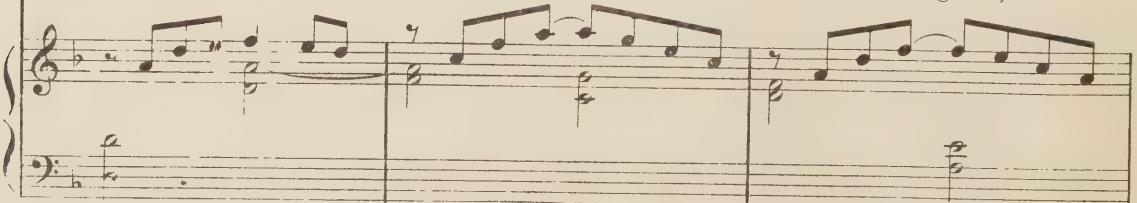
One morn-ing fair as Phœ-bus bright his ra-diant charms dis-



-play'd When Flor-a in her ver-dant garb the fra-grant plains ar-



-ray'd. As I did rove through - out each grove, no



care did me as - sail, When a pair I spied by a

riv - er side in Dob-bin's Flow - ery Vale.

As I sat down them to be - hold be -

-neath a spread - ing tree The lim - pid streams that

gent - ly roll'd con -vey'd these words to me: "Fare - well, sweet maid" the

youth he said, "for now I must set sail, I'll.....

cresc.

bid a-dieu to sweet Ar-magh and Dob-bin's Flow-ery Vale."

p

"For-

f *f* *d*

-bear those thoughts and cruel words that wound a bleed-ing heart, For

f *f* *h*

is it true that we're met here, a - las, so soon to part? Must

f *f* *h*

I a - lone here sigh and moan, to none my grief re -

-veal, But here la - ment my cause to vent in Dob - bin's Flow - ery

Vale?" "Un -

poco mosso.

(d = 92.)

-will-ing I am to part with you, no lon - ger I can stay, For.....

poco mosso

cresc.

Love and Free-dom cry "Pur - sue", those words I must o - bey In

f

for - eign lands where Free-dom smiles, or..... by the earth con -

- ceal'd I..... will come home no..... more to roam from

Adagio.

Dob - bin's Flow - ery Vale."

Tempo I^o

It's..... mu - tual love to - - ge - ther drew both

Tempo I^o

in a kind em - brace, While tears like ro - sy

drops of dew did tri - kle down her face. She

strove in vain him to de - tain, but while she did be -

-wail He..... bid a - dieu and I with-drew from Dob-bin's Flow-ery

Vale. *Tempo I^o*

pp

Senza rall.

ppp

Monday, Tuesday.

(Da Luain, da Mairt.)

Traditional.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES.

Larghetto. M. M. $\text{♩} = 60$

VOICE.

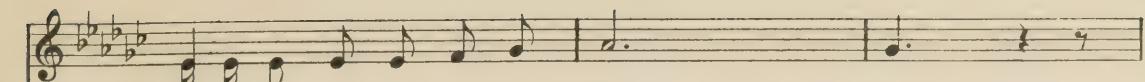
PIANO.

Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day,
Da lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt, Da

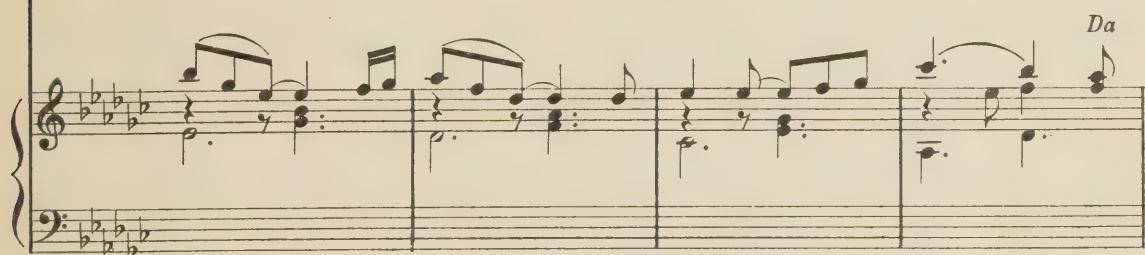
sempre legato.

Mon - - - day, Tues - day and Wens - - - day,.....
Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da Caid - - - een Da

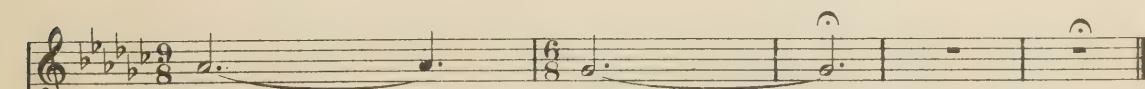
Mon - - day, Tues - day, Mon - - day, Tues - - day,
Lu - ain da Mairt da Lu - ain da Mairt, da



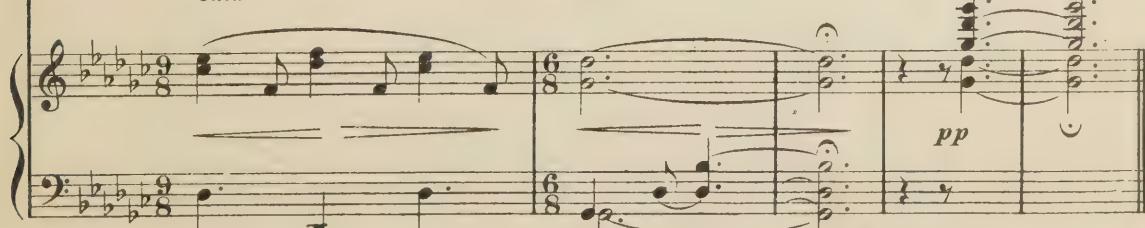
Mon - - day, Tues - day and Wens - - - day.
Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da Caid - - - een.



Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, Tues - day and
Lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt, da Lu - ain da Mairt a - gus da



Wens - - - - day.....
Caid - - - - een.....



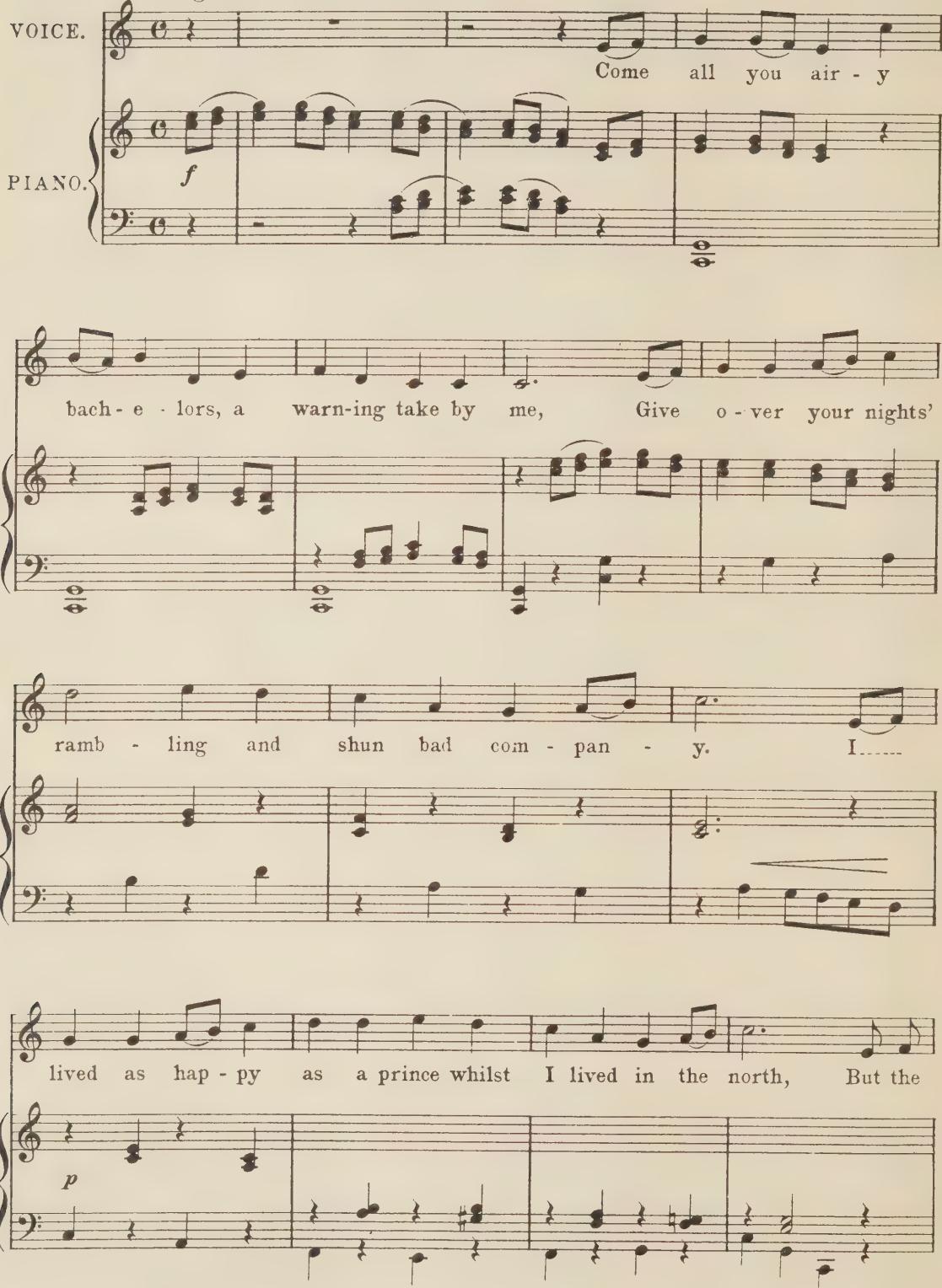
Reo.

The Airy Bachelor.

Traditional.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Allegro con brio. M.M. $\text{d} = 116$.

VOICE. 

PIANO.

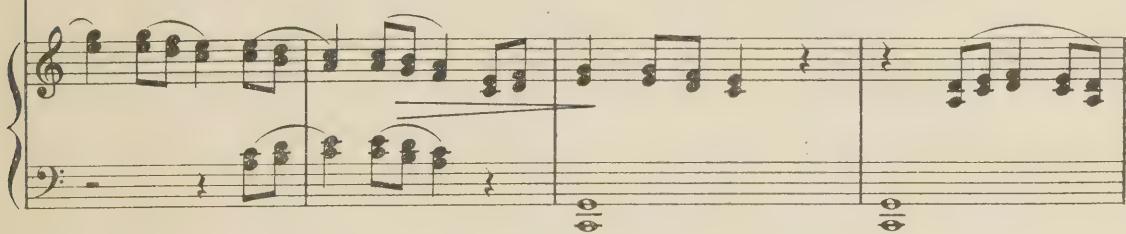
Come all you airy
bach - e - lors, a warn-ing take by me, Give o - ver your nights'
ramb - ling and shun bad com - pan - y. I.....
lived as hap - py as a prince whilst I lived in the north, But the



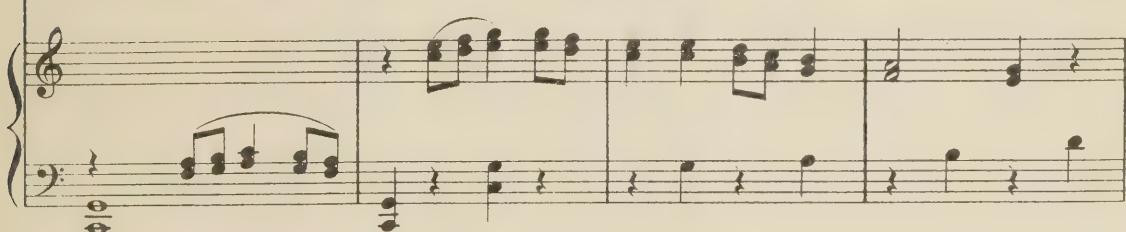
first of my mis - for-tunes was to 'list in the Light Horse.



It... been on a cer - tain Thurs - day to



Gal - a-way I did go, I... met with a... small of - fi - cer which



proves my o - ver - throw,- I... met with Ser - geant Dick - i - son in the



market just goin' down; He says "Young man, would you en-list and

be a Light Dra - gowm?" "Oh...

no, kind Sir, a sol-dier's coat with me would not a - gree, Nor

p scherzando

neith - er will I bind my-self up from my lib - er - ty; I...

non legato

lived as happy as a prince, my mind does tell me so, Good

ev'-ning, Sir, I'm just goin' down my shut-tle for to throw."

"It's are you in a hur - ry, or

p scherzando

are you goin' a - way? Oh, won't you stop and lis - ten to these

words I'm goin' to say? It's do you live far off this place, the
 same I want to know, - Your name, kind Sir; if you be pleased, tell
 me be - fore you go." "Oh, it's
 I am in a hur - ry, my dwell-ing lies far off, My
 home and hab - it - a - tion lies six miles be - low Ar - magh; It's...

p *sempre legato*

Char-les Hig-gin is my name, from Car-low Town I..... came, I.....

neer in - tend to do...the crime I would deny my name."

He says "Now cousin Char - ly, per -

-haps you might do worse To.... bid fare - well to your

coun - try, boy, And 'list in the Light Horse." "With

all kinds of... per - sua - sion with him I did a - gree, I.....

bid , fare - well to my com - rade boys to fight for Lib - er -

- ty.' "Fare - well un - to my

fa - ther, like - wise my sis - ters three, And like - wise to my

mo-ther, her kind face I ne'er will see. As I'll ride down thro'

ten. *poco allargando*

cresc.

Car - low Town they'll all run in my mind, And

a tempo

-hind."

8

* This ending is traditional in the Donegal parish where the ballad was recorded.—Ed.

Kathleen O' More.

From a poem by
GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

AIR.—“Kathleen O'More”

Andante tranquillo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

My love, still I think that I

see her once more, But a - las, she has left me her

loss to de - plore,- My... own lit - tle Kathleen, my

poor..... lost Kath - leen, my Kath - leen..... O'

More.

Her hair glos-sy black,... her

eyes were dark blue, Her col - our still chang - ing, her

smiles ev - er new, So pret - ty was Kath - leen, my

sweet lit - tle Kath - leen, my Kath - leen..... O'

More.

p.

p.

Cold was the night breeze that signed round her bow'r, It....

ad lib.

chilled my poor Kath-leen who droop'd from that hour. I.....

colla voce.

lost my poor Kathleen, my own lit-tle Kath-leen,..... My

rit.

Kath - - leen O' More.....

pp

ppp

The Magpie's Nest.

A FRAGMENT.

Traditional.

DUBLIN.

Allegro giojoso.

VOICE.

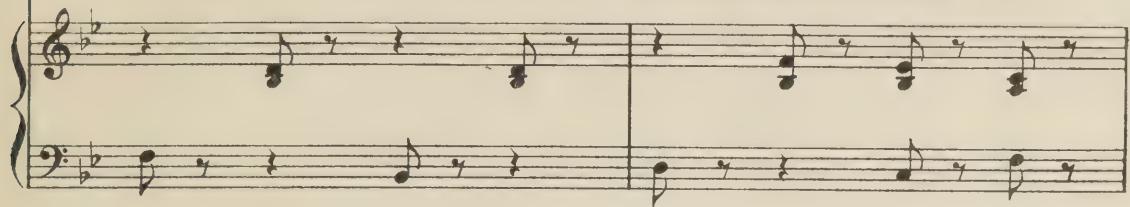
PIANO.

If

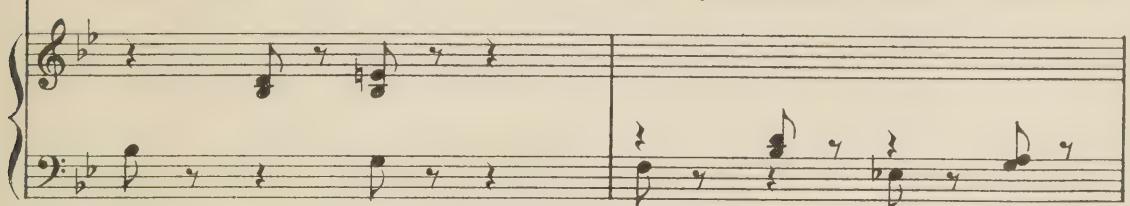
I were a king.... I would make you my queen. And I'd



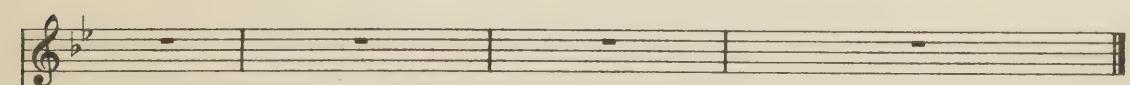
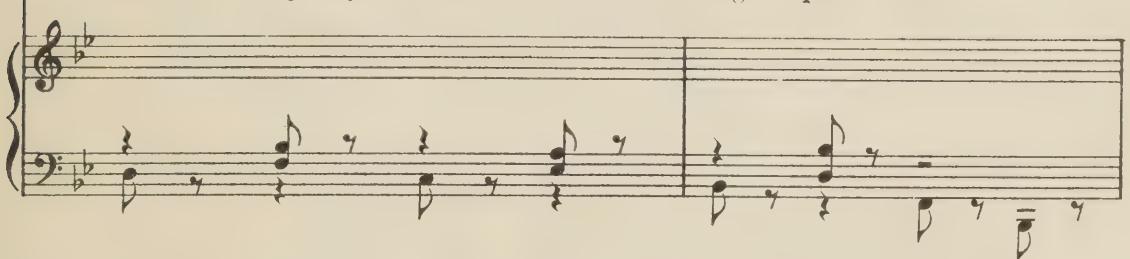
rowl you in my ar - ums as the meadows they are green, I'd



rowl you in my ar - ums and sit you down to rest And it's



there I'd lay you down.... in the mag - pie's nest.



Cruckhaun Finn.

PADRAIC COLUM.

COUNTY DERRY.

Allegro appassionato. M. M. $\text{♩} = 120$.

PIANO.

* The last verse is a fragment of a traditional ballad.

ff *Come prima.*

dim. *senza rall.*

p

This image shows a page of a musical score for piano, page 29. The score is divided into five staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music consists of various musical phrases, some with sustained notes and others with rapid sixteenth-note patterns. The dynamics are indicated by 'ff' (fortissimo), 'p' (pianissimo), and 'dim.' (diminuendo). The tempo is marked 'senza rall.' (without rallentando). The score includes performance instructions such as 'Come prima.' (as before) and '8.'. Measure numbers 1 through 8 are visible above the staves. The page number '29' is located in the top right corner.

Andante con moto.

"To - night you see my face

mp

..... May - be ne - ver more you'll

gaze On..... the man..... that

left for you his friends and kin.....

For by the

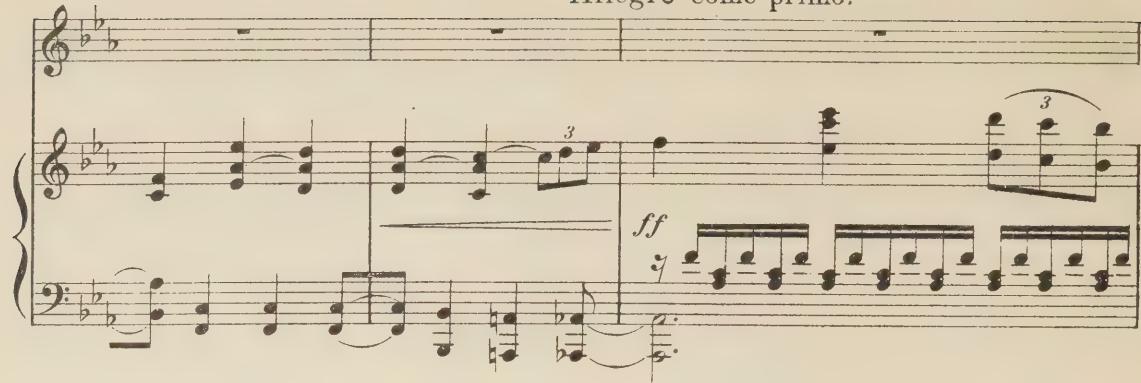
hard com - mand..... of the lord that rules the

land On..... a ship..... I'll be

borne from Cruck - - - haun Finn".....

accel. e cresc.

Allegro come primo.



alzando

"You

10

know your beau - ty bright Has

mf

made him think de - light,

cresc.

3

More than from a - - ny fair one

stringendo.

he will gain..... You

know that all his will strains and strives a - round you

till As the hawk..... up - on his

hand you are..... as tame?"

dim. *pesante e poco rit.*

Tempo I^o

dim.

p senza rall.

Andante. *pp*

She then to him re - plied..... "I'll no lon - ger

pp

you de - ny, And I'll let..... you have the plea - sure

of my charms..... It's

sempre legato

poco a poco animando, ma sostenuto.

now I'll be your bride, Let what -

- ev - er will be - tide, And..... it's

cresc.

cresc.

we will lie in

f

one ' an - oth - - - - - er's

s

arms".....

senza rall.

mf

The Slaney Side.

Traditional.

COUNTY KERRY.

Allegro commodo. M. M. $\text{♩} = 176$.

VOICE.

PIANO.

I am a ram bling he - - ro and by
 love I..... am be - trayed! Near to the town of
 Balt - - in-glass there dwells a..... love - ly..... maid. She is

fair- er than Hy - pa - tia bright and free from earth - ly

pride,..... She's a love - ly maid and her dwell - ing place lies

near the Slan-ey side. I court- eously sa -

- lu - ted her and I viewed her o'er and o'er, I

thought she was Au - ro - ra bright de - scen - ded down so
 low. "No, no, kind sir, I'm a coun - try girl," she
 mod - est - ly re - plied, "And I la - bour dai - ly
 for my bread down by the Sla - ney side."

Her gold - - en hair in

8

ring - - lets rare hangs down her snowy neck; The

kill - ing glan - ces of her eyes would save a..... ship from

wreck. Her two brown spark-ling eyes..... and her

teeth of..... i - vo-ry white Would make a man be -

-come her slave down by the Sla-ney side.

mf *cresc.*

For twelve long months we

dim. *mf*

legato.

court - ed till at length we did a - gree For

to ac - quaint her par - - ents and mar - ried we would

be. Till at length her cru - el fa - ther to me he proved un -

- kind, Which makes me sail a - cross the sea and leave my love be -

- hind. Fare

Poco meno mosso.

-well, my a - ged par - - ents, and to you I..... bid a -

mp

-dieu; I'm cross-ing the o - cean main, my dear, all

tempo I^o

for the sake of you; And whene - ver I re - turn a-gain I will

cresc.

make..... you my bride, And I'll rowl you in my

f

A musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal line (top staff) starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes, then a dotted quarter note, eighth notes, and a melodic line with a fermata over the eighth note. The lyrics are: "ev - er I re - turn a - gain I will make..... you my". The piano accompaniment (middle staff) consists of eighth-note chords. The bass line (bottom staff) has sustained notes. Measure numbers 1 and 2 are indicated above the staff.

A musical score for 'The Star-Spangled Banner' featuring piano and vocal parts. The vocal part is in soprano C major with a key signature of two sharps. The piano part is in bass C major with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'side.....' and 'the'. The piano part features dynamic markings 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'ffz' (fortississimo) with corresponding bass clef and common time signatures.

Draherín-o-Machree.*

From a poem by
the Bard of Thomond.

AIR.—“Draherin-o-Machree.”

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first two staves are for the piano, with the vocal part beginning on the third staff. The vocal part starts with a melodic line, followed by a section with lyrics: "I grieve when I think on the dear happy days of youth When all the bright dreams of this faith - less". The piano parts include dynamic markings like *f*, *poco accel.*, *cresc.*, and *calando*. The vocal part also includes a dynamic marking *a tempo*.

world seem'd truth, When I stray'd thro' the wood-land as gay as a

mid - sum-mer bee, And I loved as a sweetheart my Dra-her-in-

- o - Ma - chree.

f stringendo

ff con passione

pesante

poco allargando

He went to the wars when proud

dim. *staccato* *poco pesante* *mf*

England u - ni - ted with France, His reg - ment was first in the

red bat - tle charge to ad - vance.

cresc. *ff*

But when night drew its veil o'er the go - ry and

p

life - wast - ing fray,

cresc. *ff* dim.

senza rit.

Pale,..... bleed-ing and cold lay my Dra-her-in

Andante, come prima.

- o - Ma - chree.....

Now I'm left..... to

weep like the sor-row-ful bird of the night; This

earth and its ple - sures no more shall af - ford..... me de-

- light. The dark nar - row grave is the on - ly sad

re - - fuge for me Since I lost my heart's darling, my

Dra - her - in - o - Ma - chree.

I will walk with my love.

A FRAGMENT.

Traditional.

COUNTY DUBLIN

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

I once loved a boy and a

bold I-rish boy Who would come and would go at my re - quest, And this

bold I-rish boy was my pride and my joy And I

built him a bower in my breast.

But this

make of him all that she can, And whe-ther he loves me or

loves me not, I will walk with my love now and then.....

The Maid with the Bonny Brown Hair.

Traditional.

COUNTY DONEGAL.

Allegretto con moto, delicatamente. M. M. $\text{♩} = 76$.

VOICE.

stood in my sil - ent a - maze-ment to gaze on that crea - ture so

fair She seemed to be brighter than Ven - us the

maid with the bon - ny brown hair.

Her skin was as white as a li - ly and her

cheeks like the red rose in June Her

eyes they did spark-ble like dia-monds and her breath it did bear a per-
 fume And a dress like the bright shin-ing vel - vet was the
 dress this fair maid - en did.... wear And chains of pure
 gold and bright sil - ver were twined round her bon - ny brown
 hair For a

long time we court-ed to - geth-er, till at last we named the wed-ding

day..... One..... day..... we were con-ver-sing to - geth-er ve-ry

kind - ly to me she did say..... "It's

I have a - noth-er more kind - er my land and my for - tune to.....

share..... So fare - well..... to you now and for ev - er" said the

maid with the bon - ny brown hair.
a tempo

pp rubato delicatissimo

ten.

Then

rall.

I walked down by yon har-bour I saw a ship for the proud land of

Spain They were sing - - ing and danc-ing with plea-sure, but

I had a heart full of pain As I

saw the ship sail down the riv - er I spied my old sweet-heart so...
 fair Quite con - - tent in the
 arms of a - noth - er was the maid with the bon - ny brown
 hair *a tempo* *pp rubato delicatissimo* *ten.*
 "Fare - well to my friends and re - la - tions per -
 rall. *mf Tempo I°*

-haps I will nev - er see more..... And when

I'm in a far dis - tant na - tion I'll

sigh for my dear na - tive shore When

I'm in a far dis-tant na-tion I'll sigh for my sweet-heart so...

fair..... Quite con - tent in the

arms of a - noth - er is the maid with the

bon - ny brown hair."

pp

ppp

Red.

Red.

Red.

H.8846.

Norah O'Neale.

Traditional.

COUNTY DERRY.

Andante sostenuto. (M. M. $\text{♩} = 88$.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf

I'm lone-ly to-night, love, with-out you And my

Red.

love I can nev-er con-veal, For they say there's a charm, love, a -

- bout you, My dar-ling sweet No-rah O' Neale. Like the

beain of the star when it's shin - ing Is the

glance which your eye can't con - ceal, And your

voice is so sweet and be - guil - ing That I

love you, sweet No - rah O' Neale.

I'm

lone - ly to - night, love, with - out you,..... And my
 legato.

love I can nev - er con - ceal, For they

say there's a charm, love, a - bout you,..... My
 pp

dar - ling sweet No - rah O' Neale.

The
 pp

night - in - gale sings in the wild wood..... As

if ev' - ry note that he.... knew

Was..... learned from your sweet voice in

Red.

child-hood..... To re-mind me, sweet Norah, of you.

The light of the moon.

Traditional.

COUNTY DERRY.

Allegro commodo.

PIANO.

It was on a moon-light night when the

stars were shin - ing bright, A young maid was sigh-ing all a -

alone. She was sigh - ing for her fa - - ther, la - -

- ment-ing for her mo - ther,..... Shedding tears for her true lo - ver

John. Young

John he's come at last and the doors were bolt - ed fast, And

slow - ly he tin - kled on the ring. And

up this maid a - rose and she bundled on her clothes, And it's

all to let her true lo - ver in. O ye

bird of ear - ly dawn, O ye well - feathered bird,

Do you not crow be - fore it is day,

And

I will make your comb of the wea - ther beat - en

gold And your wings of the light sil - ver grey.



Now this bird he crew false, he crew

cresc.

ve - ry, ve - ry false, He crew two long hours be - fore it was

cresc.

day, And she thought that it was day and she

sent her love a - - way.

Andante.

But it was on - ly the light of the moon

Tempo I^o

pp

pp *Tempo I^o*

ppp

The Lowlands of Holland.

(LAST NIGHT I WAS A-MARRIED.)

Traditional.

COUNTY DERRY.

Allegro moderato, quasi maestoso. (M. M. $\text{♩} = 104$.)

PIANO.

Sostenuto.

Last night I was a - mar - ried and..... on my mar-riage

bed, Up..... came a bold sea cap - tain and.....

stood at..... my bed - head Saying "A - rise, a - rise you

pp

mar- ried - a - man And come a - long with me To the

low low - - lands of Hol - - land to fight your en - e -

- my."

f

Animando

She held her love..... in her arms still.....

think - ing he might stay, When the cap - tain gave an -

cresc.

- o - - - ther shout he was forced to..... go a -

-way. It's..... many's a · blithe young

married - a - man this..... night must go with

me To the low low - - - lands of.....

Hol - - land to fight the en - e - my.

Tempo I^o *pp*

Oh! Hol - land is a

pp *molto legato*

won - drous place and in it grows much green, It's a

wild..... in - hab - i - - ta - - tion for.....

my love to be in. There the su - - sugar cane grows

plen - ti - ful and fruit on ev - 'ry

tree But the low low - lands of Hol - land are be -

-tween my love and me.

Nor shoe nor stocking I put on nor a

comb go in my hair, And nei - ther coal nor

cresc.

con passione

can - dle light shine..... in my cham - ber fair. Nor

will I wed with a - ny young man un -

-tii the day I die, Since the low low - - lands of

Hol - land are be - tween my love and me.....

me.....

Skibbereen.

(A BALLAD OF THE FAMINE.)

Traditional.

COUNTY TYRONE.

Andante con moto.

PIANO.

(M. M. ♩ = 100 - 108.)

"O fa-ther dear, I oft-times hear you

talk of E - rin's Isle, Her lof - ty scenes and val - leys green, her

mountains rude and wild. They say it is a pret-ty place where -

-in a prince might dwell. And why did you a - ban - don it,-the

rea - son to me tell."

"My son, I loved our na - tive land with

en - er - gy and pride, Un - til a blight came on my land, my

sheep and cat - tle died. The rent and tax - es were to pay, I

could not them re-deem, And that's the cru-el rea-son why I
 left old Skib-ber-een."

"Oh it's well I do re-mem-ber that

bleak De-cem-ber day, The land-lord and the sheriff came to
 drive us all a-way. They set my roof on fire with their

demon yel - low spleen, And that's an-o - ther rea - son why I
 s

dim

left old Skib - ber - een. Your mo-ther too, (God rest her soul) lay

pp

on the snow - y ground, She faint-ed o'er in an - guish with the

des-o - la - tion round. She ne-ver rose, but passed a - way from

life to im-mor-tal dream, And found a qui - et grave, my boy, in

dear old Skib - ber - een"

And you were on - - - ly two years

animato

old and fee - ble was your frame. I

could not leave you with your friends, you bore your fa - ther's

name. I wrapped you in my eot - ta - more at the

dark of night un - - seen. I heaved a sigh and

bid good - bye to dear old Skib - ber - een".....

poco accel.

Allegro. *pp*

p

“It’s well I

(♩ = 132)

do..... re - mem - ber the year of for - ty - eight When

pp

I a - rose with E - rin’s boys to battle 'gainst the fate. I was

hunted thro’ the mountains like a traitor to the Queen, And

that's an - o - ther rea - son why I left old Skib - ber - een!"

cresc.

ff

molto

Maestoso.

"O fa-ther dear, the day will come when vengeance loud will

allarg. (♩ = 92) ff

call, And we will rise with E-erin's boys to ral- ly one and

simile

all. I'll be the man to lead the van be -neath our flag of

green, And loud and high will raise..... the cry "Re-venge for Skib-ber-

-een!".....

ff

Red.

The County of Mayo.

Translated from the Irish of Thomas Luvelle,
17th Century by George Fox.

AIR.—“Billy Byrne of Ballymanus.”

PIANO.

Allegro. (M. M. $\text{♩} = 126$)

mf *Sempre legato*

On the deck of Pat - rick Lynch - 's boat I

sit in wo - ful plight Thro' my sigh - ing all the

wea - ry day and weep - ing all the night. Were it

not that full of sor - row from my

people forth I go..... By the

bless - ed sun 'tis I'd sing thy praise, May -

- 0

When I dwelt at home in

plen - - - ty and my gold did..... much a - -

bound In the com - pa - ny of fair young maids the

Span - ish ale went round. 'Tis a bit - ter change from

those gay days that now I'm..... forced to.....

go And must leave my bones in

San - ta Cruz far from my own Ma - yo.

They are alt - ered girls in Ir - rul now; 'Tis

proud they're grown and high With their hair - bags and their

top - knots for I..... pass their buckles by; But it's

lit - tle now I heed their airs for

God will have it..... so..... That I

must de - part for fo - - reign lands and

leave my sweet Ma - yo.

cresc.

'Tis my

grief that Pat - rick Lough - lin is not

Earl in Ir - rul still, And that Bry - an Duff no

lon - ger rules as lord up - on the hill, And that

Colo - nel Hugh O Gra - dy should be ly - ing dead and

Sheet music for 'Sailing Song' in 6/4 time. The vocal line starts with 'low,..... And I sail - ing, sail - ing' with dynamic markings 'poco a poco rall'. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the treble and bass staves. The vocal line continues with 'sail - ing, sail - ing'.

swift - - ly From the Coun - ty of Ma - - -

The Bonny Bunch of Roses.

A BALLAD OF NAPOLEON.

Traditional.

Tyrone version.

Allegro vivace.

VOICE.

PIANO.

By the

mar - gin of the o - - - cean One morn - ing... in.... the

month of June, The feath - ered warb - ling song - sters Their

charm-ing notes did... sweet - ly sing. There I es - pied.... a....

fe - male, She seemed to be in grief and woe,.... Con -

-sult - ing with..... young... Bon - a - parte Con -

-cern - ing the bon-ny bunch of ros - es oh.

Then

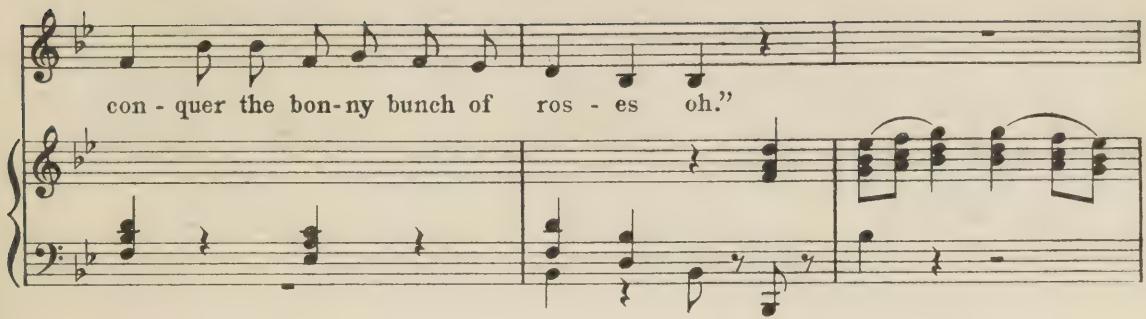
up steps young Na - po - le - on And takes his moth - er

by the hand Say-ing "Moth - er dear, have pa - - tience Un -

- til I'm a - ble to..... take com - mand. I'll raise a ter - ri - ble

ar - my And through tre - men - dous dan - gers go..... And in

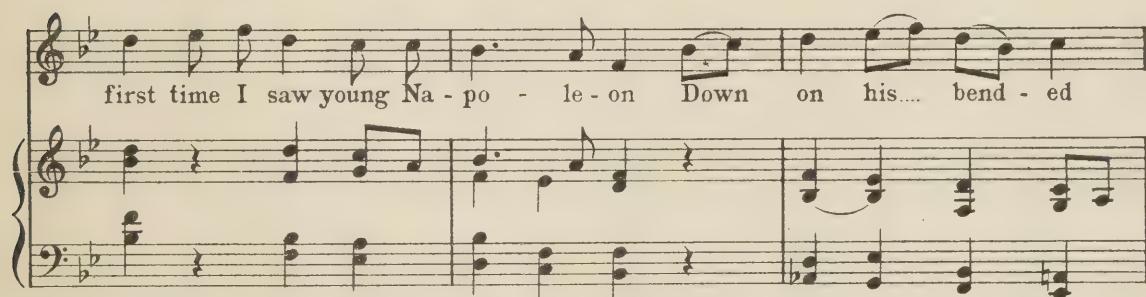
spite..... of all..... the..... un - - i - verse I will



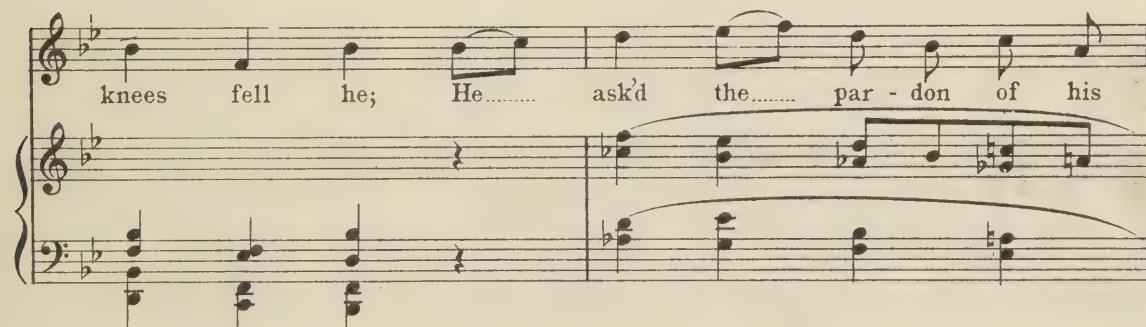
con-quer the bon-ny bunch of ros-es oh."



The



first time I saw young Na-po-le-on Down on his... bend-ed



knees fell he; He..... ask'd the..... par-don of his



fa-ther Who grant-ed it..... most mourn-ful-ly "Dear

son," he said, "I'll take an army And o - ver the fro - zen

Alps will go..... Then I will con - quer Mos - - cow And re -

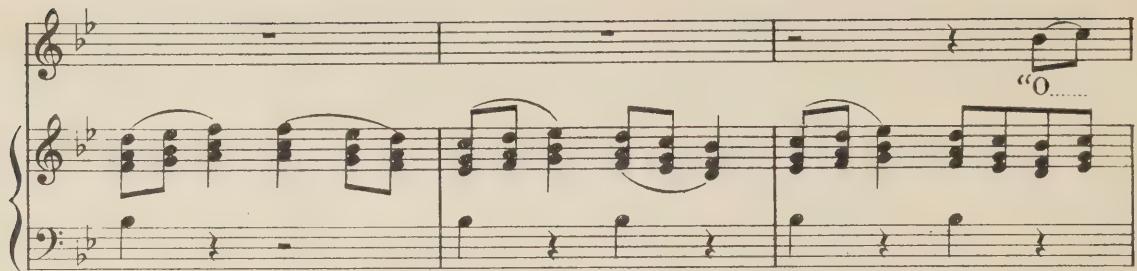
-turn to the bon-ny bunch of ros - es oh."

He.... took five hun - dred thou - and men With

mf

kings like - wise to bear his train, He was so well pro -
 - vid - ed for That he could sweep the world a - lone; But
 when he came to Mos - cow He was o - ver power'd by the
 dri - ven snow.... When Mos - cow was a - blaz - ing, So he
 lost his bonny bunch of ro - ses oh.

cresc.
 ff
 pesante
 mf



son, don't speak so ven - ture-some For in Eng - land are the

scherzando

hearts of oak. There is Eng - land, Ire - land, Scot - - land, Their

pp

mf

un - i - ty..... was.... nev - er broke, O son, think on..... thy....

s

fa - ther On the Isle of St. Hel-en-a his bo - dy lies low, And

s

you may soon fol - low af - ter him So be - ware of the bon - ny bunch of

ros - es oh”

“Now do be - lieve me, dear-est

moth - er, Now I lie.... on.... my dy - ing bed, If I had

lived I....would have been clev - er But now I droop my....

youth - ful head, But whilst our bod - ies.... lie.....

mould-er - ing And weep - ing wil - lows o - ver our bod - ies grow, The

deeds of great Na - po - le - on Shall sing the bon - ny bunch of

cresc.

ros - es oh."

A good roarin' fire.

Old Song.

COUNTY DERRY.

VOICE.

Allegro giojoso. (M.M. $\text{♩} = 132$.)

PIANO.

A good roar-in' fire and the ket-tle on the boil, It

makes a chap feel jol - ly when he's done his dai - ly toil. A

ti - dy smil- in' wife and a clean hearth - stone,— O it's

ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a chap come home.

Three or four a - round it and a

good bit on the board,— It makes a chap feel hap - py as the

dad - dy of a lord. A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a

clean hearth-stone,— O it's ve - ry, ve - ry jol - ly when a

chap come home.

To meet your wife in kindness and to

see the chil- dren run, Your house is like a pal - ace and you

ne - ver need to roam. A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a

clean hearth - stone, O it's ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a

chap come home;— A ti - dy smil - in' wife and a

clean hearth - stone, O it's ve - ry, ve - ry co - sy when a

chap come home.

12

glissando

ff

ffz

The Cork Leg.

Old Song.

Tyrone version.

Allegro giojoso. (♩ = 120)

VOICE.

PIANO.

I'11

tell you a sto - ry that is no sham, in Hol-land lived a mer-chant man And
ev - 'ry morning he says "I am the rich - est merchant in Am - ster - dam." Ri -

-tid - dy till - o - ri - lo - ri - lad - di - ti tid - dy till - o - ri - do - ri -

lee..... One

day he sat as full as an egg when a poor re-la-tion came in to beg, And

kicking him out with a brogue and a keg, and kicking him out he broke his leg. Ri-

-tid-di-till-o-ri-lo-ri-lad-dy-ti tid-dy-till-o-ri-lo-ri-

-lee..... He
 told his friends he had got hurt "By a friend I have lost a foot,
 And up-on crutches I never will walk For I'll have a beau - ti-ful leg of cork" Ri-
 -tid-dy-till-o - ri - lo - ri-lad-dy - ti tid-dy-till-o - ri - lo - ri -
 -lee..... A

The musical score consists of six staves of music for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature varies between common time (4/4) and three-quarter time (3/4). The vocal line includes lyrics in parentheses and some rhythmic markings like eighth-note groups and sixteenth-note patterns. The piano part features eighth-note chords and bass notes. The vocal line ends with a repeat of the first line, followed by a final line starting with 'A'.

doc - tor came on his vo - ca - tion and o - ver it made a long o - ra - tion, And

o - ver it made a long o - ra - tion, and finished it off with an am - pu - ta - tion. Ri

tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri-lad-dy - ti tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri -

-lee. When the

leg was on and finished right, when the leg was on they screwed it tight, But

still he went with a bit of a hop, when he found the leg it wouldn't stop, Ri

tid - dy - till - o - ri - lo - ri - lad - dy - ti tid - dy - till - o - ri - lo - ri -

-lee..... O'er

hedg - es and ditch - es and scaur and plain to rest his wea - ried limbs he'd fain. He

threw himself down but all in vain, the leg got up and a-way a-gain. Ri

tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri-lad - dy - ti tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri -

- lee. He

called to them that were in sight "Stop me or I'm wound-ed quite" Al-

-though their aid he did in-vite In less than a minute he was out of sight. Ri-

tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri-lad - dy - ti tid - dy-till - o - ri - lo - ri -

lee....

And

rit.

he kept run-ning from place to place, the

ossia

a tempo *leggiero*

3

peo - - - ple thought he was run-ning a race, He

clung to a post for to stop the pace but the

leg it still kept up the chase. Ri

tid - dy - till - o - - - ri - lo - - - ri - lad - dy - - ti

tid - dy - till - o - - - ri - lo - - - ri -

*The bars between the asterisks may be omitted

-lee..... O-ver

hedg - es and ditch - es and plain and scaur and

Eu - rope he - has tra - - velled o'er A1 -

-though he's dead and is no more The

leg goes on as it did be - fore Ri

tid - dy - till - o - - - ri - lo - - - ri - lad - dy - ti

tid - dy - till o - - - - ri - 10 - - - - ri -

lee..... So

of-ten you see in broad day-light a skel- e - ton on a cork leg tight, Al-

mf



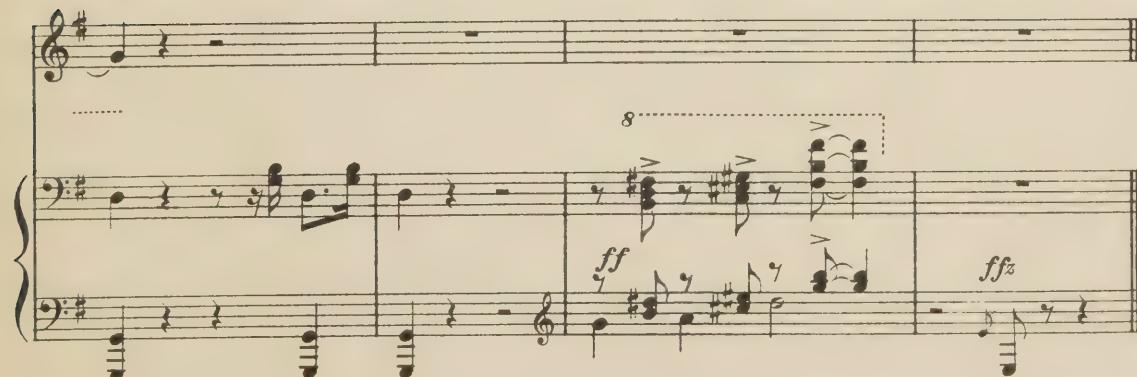
though the artist did nothim in-vite, He ne-ver was paid and it served him right. Ri



tid - dy-till-o - ri - lo - ri-lad-dy - ti tid - dy-till-o - ri - lo - ri-lad-dy - ti



tid - dy-till-o - ri - lo - ri - lo - ri - lee.



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Allegro. (M. M. $\text{♩} = 104.$)

VOICE.

PIANO.

My.... match is.... made since e'er.... last night To the

girl I nei - ther love nor like But I know what I'll do, I'll....

take my own ad - vice And.... I'll tra - vel the wide.... world

o - ver.

I..... walked up and I..... walked down,

I tramped Eng-land and Dub - lin's town, But the like of my dear one I

nev-er yet could find; O..... the dark-haired girl is my dar - ling.

I..... got..... up..... two.....

hours be - fore dawn, I got a let-ter from my own true love,

cresc.

I heard the lin-net and the black-bird sing That my love..... has

cresc.

f poco stringendo

crossed the wide o - - - cean.....

crossed the wide o - - - cean.....

ff

p

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